

Collection of Poems: "Growing Pains"

"Cruel Expectations"

Keep the room dark

To hide the blemishes-the scars

And when you go in the light

Avoid the reflection of hate you give yourself

Or keep the room lit

And tell yourself you are beautiful

with sad eyes that tell lies

with words that are doubting

The smile that never meets the eyes- the soul-

the everyday you walk alone

But is enough to satisfy the uncaring onlooker

The laugh that never fails to make you tired

Or that of another which leads to tears of the heart and

dissolving confidence

“Nurturing Innocence”

Generally vivid pieces of a memory,

relating to color,

like a bucket that was full.

Maybe yellow, sometimes blue.

Nonetheless, always innocent.

An introspective thing to look back,

at the defining moments,

with raw intentions shown,

to show who I've become.

Stories told of fairytale endings,

a story of the beginning.

A quirky girl finds her way.

Now stories change.

Daydreaming then, it was always so easy.

Daydreaming now.

Still just a child; A little bit older.

A tall toddler. Almost adult.

Energetically springing, curiosity bouncing.

Never a dull moment.

Not always ideal, but that's just how I feel-

For now, and then it'll get better.

“House and Home”

I lived in a house.

It was lacking so.

It needed that thing to make it whole-

To be a home.

A house is quiet.

A house is still.

It does not move when you move.

It does not cry when you cry.

But I once lived in a home, and

The home followed me wherever I would go.

The home broke when my heart broke.

Neither one of us could hold the pain.

I guess I became a house.

“Pen and Paper”

I feel a passion, so deeply rooted within you.

When I’m desperate, so joyous I can’t focus, and

So burdened that I make you bleed,

You’re there.

What is it about you?

When I’m with you, my thoughts become clear.

When I’m crying, you soak up the tears

And take the stain so that I may not have to bear them any longer.

I owe my life to you,

Without you, a passionless life would be mine.

The words I give you are true and

The peace you provide me gives me the courage to say them.

“Push, Jump, or Fall”

I have been through no physical experience to describe what I am experiencing now.

I can't decipher if I'm at the edge of a cliff, about to jump in the water after wandering through an unforgiving endless desert,

Or

If I have been drowning in the water for some time now, and I have just been given a lifeboat.

Maybe it's somewhere in the middle- the part after you jump and before you plunge, head-first into the deep waters below.

It's somewhere post-fear and filled with excitement.

I can't remember if I was pushed or if I jumped, maybe I fell,

And I have no idea where the current will lead me when I hit the water,

Or what the water will feel like- hot, cold, or somewhere in the middle, but

I am post-fear and filled with excitement.